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EASTERN MAGAZINE.

VOL. 1.

DECEMBER.

NO. 6.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE GREEKS.

THE Mythology of the Greeks was intimately interwoven with the whole tenor of their daily existence. Religion was not with them a mere tissue of pomp and ceremonies, devised for great occasions, for festivals and holidays, but a living, active principle, diffused through the whole mass of the people, and exerting an influence upon their whole life. It had its foundation in the necessities of the human heart. The spirit of man early feels its own weakness, its ignorance and its helplessness, and its need of some mightier power, to whom, in the hour of need, it may turn for support. There is also in man an irrepressible desire to look forward into the future; a something within tells him of his connexion with the invisible world, and even in the infancy of his being, reveals to him his nobler, his *spiritual* nature. In the earliest ages of society, these dim glimmerings of truth, these aspirations of an immortal spirit, take to themselves a form, and are impressed with supernatural power upon his heart. Accordingly we find that man, in all times, and in all nations, has sought out objects of worship. But in the ruder stages of society, his deities were such as his imperfect reason, unassisted by revelation, would naturally point out. The sun, the source of light and heat, the most glorious object presented to his eyes, was looked upon as a divinity. The whole planetary host, which nightly arrayed the Heavens in beauty, the rivers "rolling on in silent majesty," the groves, the brooks, all seemed to him worthy of adoration. He "saw God in the cloud, and heard him in the wind." Thus the original objects of devotion would naturally appear to have been similar in all nations. But in process of time, as the light of a more intellectual day began to dawn upon the world, and the views of man to take a wider range, the character of human worship was materially changed. The spirit of the times called for a religion which should have a stronger hold upon the

heart and the feelings. The systems already in vogue did not satisfy the wants of a spiritual nature. Men began to have views of the true nature of the Deity, remote, confused, and indistinct indeed, yet more correct than before, for they were founded upon principles originally implanted in the heart. This was the first dawning of a better light upon a benighted world, the first manifestation of a spirit which looked beyond mere material objects for something, to which the soul might attach itself and be satisfied. But the lofty aspirations of a mind, which had begun to feel and know its own power, could not be repressed. New inventions were then sought out, and new systems of worship introduced. But, that the new Deities might be presented in a tangible form to the eyes of the people, images of them were formed, to which they bowed down in worship. The multitude, unable to comprehend a purely spiritual being, gradually lost sight of the thing signified, in their devotion to the sign itself, and idol worship became general. Thus it may be said that there was, in all heathen countries, which had emerged in any degree from the grossest barbarism, a two-fold religion; a material, sensual form of worship, fitted to captivate the ignorant, and command their reverence, and a spiritual, intellectual religion, the religion of philosophers, of which the former was but the outward and visible image.

It is not easy to fix upon the time, when the mythology of the Greeks was first reduced to system. It must evidently have been long before the time of Homer, for he clearly speaks of the Gods as long known and familiar to his hearers, and of those whose existence there could not be the slightest doubt. With one or two exceptions the philosophers of the early ages seem hardly to have formed a conception of one Supreme Being, the Creator of all things, combining in Himself all perfection. All the heathen divinities were, if I may so speak, so many distinct manifestations, or impersonations of so many different attributes which they conceived to appertain to the character of Deity. Socrates, indeed, appears to have attained to some clearer views of the true nature of God. His powerful mind, far in advance of the age in which he lived, could throw off the trammels of superstition, raise the veil which had so long blinded the eyes of men, penetrate the depths of the invisible world, and discern the true spiritual character of the *Father of spirits*. True it was but a dim and imperfect view which he was able to obtain, "for he saw as through a glass darkly;" yet it was more than had been vouchsafed to his predecessors. But the people around him were unable to conceive the *unity* of God. Every feature and attribute of his character was deified. They had the

Creator and the Destroyer ; the God of war, and the God of Peace ; Eloquence, Poetry, the Arts, Agriculture, all had their appropriate divinities. The visible world was, in like manner, parcelled out. To one was assigned the dominion of the Heavens, to another that of the earth, and to a third the sovereignty of the sea ; and each was supposed to confine himself to his own department.

Yet, though trammelled by all this complex system of mythology, the Greeks were eminently a religious people. They never seemed to entertain a doubt of the truth of their views, but offered up their adorations with a fervor of devotion, which might well put the blush upon many of the professors of a purer and holier religion. They entertained a constant sense of the immediate presence of their Gods, and never failed to recognize their interposing hand. No great undertaking was ever commenced, without seeking their advice and direction. In times of trouble and affliction, their worshippers sought relief from above, and poured out their hearts in prayer and supplication ; and in seasons of joy, when their cup of happiness was overflowing, they testified their gratitude to Heaven by thanksgivings and libations. Such was the religion of the Greeks ; which, though full of gross errors, and debasing views of the character of God, and calculated to mislead the minds of its votaries, may yet have been in some worshippers the sincere tribute of a devout heart. H.

MATTERS AND THINGS.

NUMBER ONE.

KIND reader—I propose to use my humble exertions for your entertainment. I say entertainment, because I do not aspire to a higher purpose. If, in my various lucubrations, I shall be instrumental in aiding you to while away one dull hour,—in keeping off those blueish spirits, which hover, at times, around the energies of man,—and shall put you in good humor with the rest of the world,—then my purpose is effected. I aim not at elegance of style and diction—it comes not by striving ; but like the three R's of the pedagogue, "*reading, riting and rithmetic*" comes by nature. I dislike a stiff, constrained style,—too often the result of over-exertion—quite as much as your haughty, reserved, imitation-gentleman, that veriest of nuisances.

As I have said, your entertainment is my chief desire ; but if, perchance, you should find a single choice thought that may tend to make you wiser and better,—lay up the treasure. It would be singular, if among the mass of matter I may throw in your way, there should not be something worth remembering. Pardon my vanity, for upon this, I may hereafter discourse. My papers will, as my title indicates, be various,—gaity, gravity, et cetera—in fine, “what I will.” I begin, then, with a reminiscence of my younger days.

RANDOM SKETCH.

My old college friend Zacheus—commonly called “Zach” for shortness,—was one of the oddest lumps of mortality that ever perambulated this lower planet. He was as good humored a fellow as our class could boast, and had an almost intolerable propensity for amusing himself at our expense, by incessantly cracking his jokes on our harmless pates. Notwithstanding this, he never excited our ill-will, but on the contrary, was a universal favorite.

Zacheus was destined to become a physician. This was his choice from his early childhood, as appears from his always having had an “awful squinting” towards the village Doctor’s saddle bags. They had quite a charm for him ; but when stormy weather was suggested in connexion with them, divers strange contortions were visible in his countenance. Time, however, overcame this aversion ; and I am fully persuaded he will be a popular practitioner, for it is said he has already insinuated himself into the good graces of the elderly part of the softer sex. He was an artful chap, and possessed the indispensable requisite of a sly fellow, “the art of concealing the art.” We all prognosticated success in his calling, more especially in the surgical department, having discovered to us, on divers occasions, a singular aptitude in the dissection of geese, turkies and ducks, whose unlucky fate had led them within his grasp. Bell, Richerand, and the amusing Abernethy were far more preferable to him than Enfield, Stewart or the charming Bishop Butler. Often have I found him in his room with Bell’s Anatomy and “illustrations” spread out before him, while a huge quid of tobacco performed the circuit of his jaws. He adopted not old Will Shakespeare’s advice, “throw physic to the dogs.” Not he ! He would sooner have thrown the wonderful speculations of Locke, Stewart, and other choice spirits into the flames. As for Butler’s Analogy, he would rather have committed to memory ten pages of Noah Webster’s large quarto, verbatim et literatim. His fondness for the “healing art,” absorbed the most of his attention. A gen-

tle "screwing," in college parlance, at recitation, was the occasional consequence of his negligence, when general knowledge, his dernier resort, did not avail him. Methinks I can see him with a long phiz endeavoring to puzzle the professor by asking him ten thousand or less absurd, though often ingenious questions, in order to give the appearance of intense application to the study under consideration. He would, like that wonderful reasoner, on each of these occasions,

"—————dispute,
"Confute, change hands, and still confute."

He possessed to a charm, the happy faculty of making the worse appear the better reason, though I must confess he would sometimes create a laugh contrary to our inclinations. That puritanical phiz of his was a capital thing for him, having screened him from merited reprehension more than once.

Zacheus' greatest performance, however took place at the close of our collegiate studies. It had for a long time been the custom with the graduating class of each year, before bidding adieu to Alma Mater, to congregate for the purpose of committing to the flames the accumulated compositions of four successive years, and to have an oration and poem, inculcating "peace to their ashes," &c. Zacheus was the appointed orator of our class by our unanimous suffrages. Previous to the celebration, a large square pile of stones had been erected in the rear of the edifices, about four or five feet in height, with a long plank raised perpendicularly from its centre. When the day arrived, the whole intellectual mass was cruelly nailed to the plank, and with less courage than the bold hearted sailor nails his flag to the mast. One of the freshmen, poor innocent soul, most feelingly observed, "Ye that have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now." A procession was formed, and we marched with a slow and silent tread around the destined altar, with many "a long, lingering sigh," when we gazed upon the intended sacrifice. Our orator ascended the rostrum, and soon dispelled the gloom that shrouded our countenances. Our mouths, like certain gates described by the immortal poet, "wide open stood." Loud and deafening applause arose from the congregated multitude. Zacheus arose from his seat with a potent, grave and awful dignity, and drawing himself out to his utmost length, with a corresponding expansion of his corporeal system, gave vent to the following impassioned strain of eloquence.

"*Respected Classmates* :—Through the concatenation of spontaneous events, and actuated by a mysterious and wonder-working power, we are conglomerated here together at this time, to witness

a spectacle the most sublime, lofty and superb, that the luminaries of human intelligence ever yet beheld. Through the medium of classic story, we have heard of a Demosthenes; of "the Roman splendor and Athenian fire;" of the perspicacity of the wise men of Greece, and of the ponderous power of cogitation concentrated in an Alexandrian Library; yet the stupendous glory of these lucid constellations, accumulated and concentrated into one vast and lofty pillar, are lighter than the mollient down that flits across the irradiated atmosphere, when compared with the ponderous pile now before us. We are now about to sacrifice on this memorable altar, consecrated to science, the illustrious works of four revolving years. Yes, my beloved associates, the most transcendant productions of the most transcendant geniuses that ever have, and probably ever will illustrate this magnificent eminence, are now to be consigned to the devouring element! And when the conflagration shall have ended and the fumigations of this intellectual mass shall have dissipated into thin air, and illuminated the whole expanse of the heavens, then, may the ashes that are here left, enrich, fructify and fertilize the whole garden of science!!"

It is hardly necessary to suggest to the reader the applause that was elicited. The effect may be easily imagined. The poem *felt small*, after such a concentration of splendid eloquence,—its beauty was wasted upon the desert air. The fire was then placed on the altar, and the waving mass above soon became one sheet of flame, somewhat smaller, doubtless, than that of the Alexandrian conflagration. I leave the scene for an abler pen. The countenances of the Freshmen, now Sophomores elect, displayed an eagerness to catch the inspiration from—

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"
that far surpasses my feeble powers of description. Suffice it to say, they manifested an awful longing to seize upon the ideas that were fast mingling their flight beyond human reach.

Zacheus, among the good deeds by him executed has, I understand, renounced celibacy for the delightful sweets of matrimony. May prosperity in all its shapes, and a long line of posterity of his own kind be his portion.

The harangue of my old friend, above alluded to, reminds me of an anecdote of a certain dispenser of the law, who by some unaccountable "concatenation of spontaneous events," had risen to the high and responsible situation of Chief Justice of the highest Court in his native State. He happened to be conversing, one day, with a distinguished legal gentleman, and was, by the latter, congratu-

lated on his accession to the situation referred to. The Chief Justice, with a countenance full of self-complacency, replied, "Yes, my dear sir, my accession was not owing to the humble aspirations of a single individual, but to the inevitable conflux of concurrent circumstances." My friend must have caught some of his inspiration.—Mr. Editor and readers, adieu, and more anon.

MIKE.

SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.

"Jesus said unto her, Give me to drink."

*Give me to drink ; with slow and wearied step
I sought this place, to lay my burning brow
Upon the fountain's brink, and lave
My parched lips from this sweet lucid spring.—
And now, the well is deep,—and faint and trembling
From oppressive toil, I have no power
To raise the cooling draught. Yet though
I am a lone, and wearied man,
Who nightly sleeps upon the mountain side,
Or finds a colder couch by Kedron's brook,
Where midnight dews distil upon my brow,
And misty vapors hover o'er my bed ;—
Yet, if some angel voice would tell thee
Who I am, how gladly thou would'st raise
The burnished cup, and kneeling at my feet,
Would'st ask for living water, such as flows
From that broad, sacred river
Round the throne of God ;—and though
Perchance proud Israel would disdain
To ask the simplest boon of thee,
Yet I would take thy cup and give it back
O'erflowing with that water which should be
To thee, a never failing well,—a spring
Whose drainless source would yield
Eternal life. Oh, give me, then, to drink,
For 'tis not that this spirit, which has cloth'd
Itself in mortal woes, might be sustained
With water flowing out from earthly springs ;—
But 'tis that there our wretched, thirsty soul
Might be refresh'd with streams
Of heavenly grace, and crowned with glory
In that promised land, which lies
Like some fair vision o'er the swelling flood.—
*Give me to drink ; and thou shalt
Never, never thirst, and I will write thy name**

Upon my hands, and thou shalt shine
 A glorious beaming star in that broad
 Firmament, where thousand sparkling gems
 Shine forth with more than brightness.—
Give me to drink ; and I will give to thee
 A fadeless crown, and ever, on earth
 Above thy head, shall have the sun-wrought
 Banner of my constant love.
 Lord, give to *us*, this water, that we
 Never thirst, and we will cheer the wretched
 For thy sake and ne'er forget
 That thou thyself was't once a weary man ;
 That he, who rear'd this beauteous world
 From nought, found not a resting place
 Among his own ; but where the wild beast
 Waked his midnight lair, the Son of man
 His nightly vigils kept, or kneeling,
 Pray'd the slow wing'd hours away.

MARY.

 EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

November—1835.

“ WE took the Rail Road Cars at Boston for Providence at nine o'clock, A. M. and in two hours and some few minutes, reached the Steam Boat wharf, in Providence. The rapidity with which they travel is wonderful. It is the triumph of art over all obstacles. When Roger Williams, with his little band, was driven into exile, and settled Providence, he would have deemed the person insane, who should have prophesied that in two centuries, the distance which cost him weeks of toil and danger, would be traveled *in two hours*. As we were flying along—for it was literally flying—I amused myself in conjecturing what would have been the feelings of our ancestors in the age of witchcraft, had their wondering eyes beheld such an object as a locomotive, with its train of cars, flying through the country emitting smoke and flame. They must have supposed that the powers of darkness were abroad in the earth, and, no longer content with the simple broomstick to convey a solitary witch on her errand of mischief, had invented a machine for conveying them in squadrons. It would be impossible to distinguish a person in passing ; every thing seems to glide past like the winged arrow.

"We took the Steam Boat for New Castle, and there the cars for Frenchtown, and there changed these for the boat again for Baltimore. The system of these Rail Road lines is perfect. You have no trouble with your baggage from the time you embark up to the time of arrival at your place of destination. They have large vehicles, which they call crates, made to retain all the trunks, and they are rolled into the cars, and from the cars into the boat without opening.

* * * *

"At Baltimore, we had considerable time to roam about the city. We first visited the Washington Monument. We ascended to the gallery, and were well paid for our trouble by a splendid view of the city and its environs. The Monument is one hundred and eighty seven feet in height from the base to the top of the Statue; and one hundred and sixty seven feet to the gallery, from which we had our view. It is very beautiful, and when the grounds around it are properly laid out, will be more so still. It is now surrounded by a common rough board fence, which, with the rough state of the grounds, gives it rather a coarse, unfinished appearance.

"We next visited the Catholic Cathedral, where we saw some exquisite paintings. One of them,—the descent from the Cross, presented by Louis 13th—is admirable, judging merely from its effect upon me. The darkness, which had covered the earth, is represented as just receding, and the returning light of day, which is shining forth in a corner of the picture, is thrown upon the figures with such skill, that they appear to start from the canvass, and the representation almost becomes a reality. Another represents St. Louis in the act of burying a knight, who had fallen in battle, and the contrast between the living and the dead is wonderful. This was presented by Charles Xth. There are many other paintings, but they will not compare with those I have spoken of. The woman, who conducted us, appeared very zealous, and was, I doubt not, sincere. She labored hard to convert us to her faith. She besought us to examine the Bible, and she observed that she was sure, if we would carefully examine it, we should become Catholics. We were not, however, of her opinion.

"From Baltimore, after going three miles with horses,—the steam engines not being permitted to enter the city,—we took the cars at half past five, but it was nearly six o'clock before we started, and reached Washington, a distance of forty-two miles, at eight o'clock in the evening. The cars on this route are very commodious; that in which we were seated, containing twenty settees, each accommodating two persons comfortably. They were sufficiently

high for any gentleman to walk about. They were lighted by lamps, and the train looked very brilliant. In fifty years more, it would not be strange if those, then living, should see houses moving about with as much ease as men do now. For instance, if a gentleman and his family, residing in Baltimore, should desire to take a trip to the seat of government, he would only need to make known his intention to the proper persons, who would put his house, with all its contents on the rail-road, and he could be moved to his place of destination, while taking a comfortable *siesta* after dinner.

"We walked out this morning, and took a birds-eye view of the President's house—it is a splendid affair. I will wait till I see more of it, before I undertake to give a more particular description. We stop near the White House, and no one knows what effect the *atmosphere* may produce."

Yours, &c.

CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

PERHAPS there has never existed a man, whose motives and character present a fairer subject for the scrutiny of posterity, than those of Cromwell. Born in a private station, and with no greater external advantages than were enjoyed by thousands around him, he gradually rose, by the force of his own talents, aided by the peculiar circumstances of the nation, to the summit of political power, where he enjoyed every thing pertaining to royalty, but the name; wielding for years the whole power of England, subduing all opposition, and compelling his enemies to bow to his sway, and acknowledge his authority. The character and life of such a man cannot fail to be an interesting and profitable study to those, who would trace out the hidden connexion of events, and observe how slight are the circumstances, on which depends a nation's destiny.

It appears that the early life of Cromwell gave indications of that spirit, which was afterwards developed in the civil commotions of the country. There was early marked in him an impatience of control, and an aspiring disposition, which made him look forward with the hope of improving his condition, and elevating himself above the rank of life in which he moved. In his juvenile years, he was no favorite with the grave and sober community around him, being too much addicted to certain practical jokes, rather distasteful to them, such as, robbing pigeon houses, exciting rows at the taverns,

and was on the whole regarded as a reckless, dissipated youth. But as he grew older, a great change took place in his character. The wild fanaticism of the Independents, with their high professions of piety and devotion, the strictness of their principles, and the purity of their conduct, had charms sufficient to captivate a spirit like his, and he soon became one of their most renowned exhorters. There is no reason for distrusting the sincerity of his conversion. If his subsequent life was not always in exact accordance with the precepts of morality and true religion, he is not the first, whose principles have failed to overcome the force of temptation.

At the time when the dissensions between the King and Parliament commenced in England, Cromwell was noted, as possessing a character of invincible determination and constancy where his passions were engaged, and an object worthy of his exertions, occurred to call forth his strength. This, together with his reputation as a decided enemy of the court, and a warm advocate of popular rights, procured him the honor of representing the borough of Huntingdon in Parliament, where he soon made the influence of his talents to be seen and felt. He soon identified his fortunes with the issue of the great contest, in which the nation was about to engage, and upon the breaking out of hostilities, received a commission in the army. This opened to him a field of action, more suited to develop his powers, and display his true character. Once entrusted with military powers, he retained it with a firm grasp, which he never relaxed during the remainder of his life. Yet at this time he seems to have formed no distinct plan of action, and probably did not dream of the elevation which he afterwards attained. The possession of unlimited power has attractions, which seem to be increased by indulgence. There are on record very few instances of men, who have voluntarily relinquished the rights of command, and of their own accord returned to obscurity. The talents and qualifications of Cromwell were admirably fitted to attract attention and command respect, and he soon became absolute ruler in the army, though nominally holding an inferior rank. He acquired no less reputation and influence from the length and fervency of his prayers and exhortations, than from his military skill, and he was looked up to, as the spiritual, as well as the temporal leader of the army.

Fanaticism was then in vogue, and formed the only stepping stone to power. With him it became a powerful instrument for the accomplishment of his ambitious views. He was probably sincere, at first, in his professions of devoted piety, and his acquiescence in the prevailing spirit of the times. The judgment of man is so read-

ily warped and swayed by his inclination, that he might easily suppose himself commissioned by Heaven, to work out a reform in church and state, and restore religion to its ancient purity. But the history of his subsequent life will not allow us to believe that he could always have been a self-deceiver, though the mask of piety formed too convenient a screen for his ambitious designs, to be readily thrown aside. There is ample proof that he did not believe all the doctrines, that he professed, but made use of the deepest and most persevering hypocrisy to effect his designs. His outward zeal for the cause of holiness was admirably adapted to produce an effect upon the people with whom he had to deal. His life exhibits the curious, but by no means uncommon spectacle of a man, who, advocating certain principles, and laboring with zeal for their diffusion, ended at last, by abandoning every profession, and every promise, which had contributed to elevate him to power, and becoming a firm supporter of the very doctrines, he had so long striven to subvert. Claiming liberty of conscience, he became the most intolerant of bigots ; fighting against monarchy, he concentrated in his own person absolute power, professing the meek and benevolent religion of the Savior, he butchered without remorse those, who had thwarted his designs ; the soldier of the Parliament, he drove them from their seats when they attempted to limit his authority.

In the early part of his career, he seemed to yield himself to the force of circumstances, without allowing his partisans to suppose, that the events, which aided his advancement, took their direction from his guiding hand. He had art enough to conceal his movements, even from those, with whom he consulted, and his most intimate friends were seldom privy to his plan of operations.

It would appear from history, that he was not very scrupulous as to the means of obtaining the ends he had in view. The common principles of humanity and justice were of very little account, when they stood in the way of the execution of his designs. The slaughter of the prisoners of war, taken at the surrender of Drogheda, Wexford, and other fortified places, during the Irish campaign, has left on his memory a blot, which can never be effaced. It is true, he attempted to justify this horrid act, by pleading the necessity of an example of severity, to terrify the remaining inhabitants into submission ; an excuse, which cannot be of any avail. Yet it does not appear that cruelty was a part of his nature, or that he practised it for its own sake ; but the lives and happiness of others weighed little in his estimation, when put in competition with the attainment of the objects he had in view.

But many have tried to build up a reputation for Cromwell, by maintaining, that though he came into power rather irregularly, his wise and judicious management, when he had firmly established his authority, and his upright and impartial administration of justice, entitle him to some praise. This assertion, however, cannot be supported by reference to history. He never regarded his power as fixed upon a basis sufficiently firm to allow him to regulate his conduct by the strict principles of justice, or a due regard to the welfare of his subjects. He knew that a large and powerful party were ready to seize the earliest opportunity of making him resign his ill-gotten authority, and return to a private station. There were leagued against him, all the old nobility of the kingdom, who saw, in his elevation, the downfall of their rank and consequence; the friends of the late king, who looked upon him as the murderer of his sovereign, and hated him with a degree of bitterness proportioned to the offence; the friends of liberty, and the constitution, who regarded him as the betrayer of his country's freedom, and submitted to him only by compulsion; while those of his own party, who had fought for religious liberty, and freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, saw, with ill-suppressed feelings of discontent, his desertion of them and their interests, and began to sigh for the return of the peaceful times of the monarchy. All these parties, comprising a majority of the whole nation, were regarded by Cromwell with suspicion and dread, and he saw too much reason to fear for the permanency of his power. This led him into many acts of injustice and oppression, such as the appointment of judges, unknown to the laws, to try prisoners of state, and even the imprisonment of such lawyers, as dared to advocate the cause of those, whom he had determined to crush. Thus, the rights of those, whom he considered his enemies, were even less secure, than during the reign of the king. Those who rule by usurpation, without possessing the affections of the people, or the strength, which only long established power can impart, are almost necessarily driven to commit such acts of injustice, in self defence. Regarding all around them as their enemies, they cannot repose in them any confidence, nor rely upon them in any degree for support. Conscious of the slight hold they have upon the minds of the people, their measures are generally taken with reference to their own security, and personal aggrandizement, rather than the great interests of the country. Such appears to have been the case with Cromwell. He looked rather to the immediate advantages to be derived from any given course, than to its permanent effects upon the welfare of the nation. Thus it appears that many of his public

acts, though they served to strengthen his power for the time, and gave to his name, and his administration, a brilliant [reputation, ultimately were productive of very injurious] consequences. He took part with France in the war against Spain, and attacked the colonies of the latter, thus strengthening the hands of the natural rival of his own country; whereas, the true policy of England consisted in remaining neuter, and adjusting the balance of power between the contending parties.

Had the welfare of his country been the object nearest his heart, he would have abandoned the supreme power, and restored the throne to its rightful occupant.

So far, however, was this from his thoughts, that he even contemplated making the Protectorate hereditary in his family; but in vain. His power perished with him, and the nation, after years of anarchy, and strife, and civil discord, gladly recalled their rightful sovereign, and enjoyed, once more, the blessings of law, and rational liberty.

H.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANT INDIAN.

By Lieut. GEO. W. PATTEN, U. S. Army.

“And a treaty was entered into between the Commissioners, and the tribes of the Sacs and Foxes, wherein the latter obligated themselves to retire beyond the Mississippi and never again to return.”

WE pass beyond the river,
A scorn'd and blighted thing ;
We have dropp'd the bolt and quiver,
And the bow knows not the string.

The voice whose tones were strongest,
Is hush'd amid the strife ;
The arm that fought the longest,
No more shall wield the knife.

Where met the best and proudest,
Gather the faces pale ;
Where rang the war-song loudest,
Springeth a voice of wail.

The deer may leave his cover,
And the white man sit alone ;
For the hunter's toil is over,
And the warrior's strength is gone.

We pass, Oh ! braves and daughters—

We pass beyond the stream—

And a dark cloud comes o'er the waters

To shade the red man's dream.

We leave our homes behind us

The spirit gave our race :

Nor friend nor foe may find us :

For where will be our trace ?

The wolf may range the mountains,

The musk may scent the air,

And the beaver seek our fountains,

But who will set the snare ?

No more the watch-dog nightly,

Will whine for our return ;

And the wigwam's torch-light brightly,

No more for us will burn.

We pass away in sorrow—

As fades the western beam—

But for us there comes no morrow,

As we sink behind the stream.

Hancock Barracks, Nov. 1835.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

By William J. Snelling.

I WAS once so unfortunate as to be benighted while hunting the buffaloe. I started early in the morning, though it was so cold that each particular hair of my whiskers accreted a portion of my vital moisture in the form of an icicle, and a stranger might have taken me for the Genius of Winter, direct from the North Pole, on a visit. Nevertheless, I kept on the even tenor of my way, though the temperature was lower than human charity,—confiding in my Indian mittens and hunting shirt.

I wandered far into the bare prairie, which was spread around me like an ocean of snow, the gentle undulations here and there having no small resemblance to the ground swell. When the sun took off his night-cap of mist (for the morning was cloudy) the glare of the landscape, or rather snowscape, was absolutely painful to my eyes ; but a small veil of green crape obviated that difficulty. Toward noon I was aware of a buffaloe, at a long distance, turning up the snow with his nose and feet, and cropping the withered grass

beneath. I always thought it a deed of mercy to slay such an old fellow, he looks so miserable and discontented with himself. As to the individual in question, I determined to put an end to his long, turbulent and evil life.

To this effect I approached him as a Chinese malefactor approaches a mandarin—that is to say, prone, like a serpent. But the parity only existed with respect to the posture; for the aforesaid malefactor expects to receive pain, whereas I intended to inflict it. He was a grim-looking barbarian—and, if a beard be a mark of wisdom, Peter the Hermit was a fool to him. So, when I had attained a suitable proximity, I appealed to his feelings with a bullet. He ran—and I ran; and I had the best reason to run—for he ran after me, and I thought that a pair of horns might destroy my usual equanimity and equilibrium. In truth, I did not fly any too fast, for the old bashaw was close behind me, and I could hear him breathe. I threw away my gun—and, as there was no tree at hand, I gained the centre of a pond of a few yards area, such as are found all over the prairies in February. Here I stood secure, as though in a magic circle, well knowing that neither pigs nor buffaloes can walk upon ice. My pursuer was advised of this fact also, and did not venture to trust himself on so slippery a footing. Yet it seemed that he was no gentleman; at least he did not practise forgiveness of injuries. He perambulated the periphery of the pond till I was nearly as cold as the ice under me. It was worse than the stone jug or the black hole at Calcutta. Ah! thought I, if I had only my gun, I would soon relieve you from your post. But discontent was all in vain. Thus I remained, and thus he remained, for at least four hours. In the mean while, I thought of the land of steady habits; of baked beans, and pumpkins, and codfish on Saturdays. There, said I to myself, my neighbor's proceedings would be reckoned unlawful, I guess; for no one can be held in custody without a warrant and sufficient reason. If ever I get back, I wont be caught in such a scrape again.

Grief does not last forever; neither does anger—and my janitor, either forgetting his resentment, which, to say the truth, was not altogether groundless, or thinking it was useless, or tired of his self-imposed duty, or for some reason or other, bid me farewell with a loud bellow, and walked away to a little oasis that was just in sight, and left me to my meditations. I picked up my gun and followed. He entered the wood—and so did I, just in time to see him fall and expire.

The sun was setting, and the weather was getting colder and colder. I could hear the ground crack and the trees split with ice.

intensity. I was at least twenty miles from home; and it behoved me, if I did not wish to wake in the morning and find myself dead, to make a fire as speedily as possible. I now first perceived that, in my very natural hurry to escape from my shaggy foe, I had lost the martin-skin wherein I carried my flint, steel and tinder. This was of little consequence; I had often made a fire by the aid of my gun before, and I drew my knife, and began to pick the flint.—Death to my hopes,—at the very first blow I struck it ten yards from the lock, and it was lost forever in the snow.

Well, said I to myself, I have cooked a pretty kettle of fish, and brought my calf's head to a fine market. Shall I furnish those dissectors, the wolves, with a subject, or shall cold work the same effect on me that grief did upon Niobe? Would that I had a skin like a buffaloe! Necessity is the spur as well as the mother of invention; and, at these last words, a new idea flashed through my brain like lightning. I verily believe that I took off the skin of my victim in fewer than ten strokes of my knife. Such a hide is no trifle; it takes a strong man to lift it;—but I rolled the one in question about me, with the hair inward, and lay down to sleep, tolerably sure that neither Jack Frost nor the wolves could get at me through an armor thicker and tougher than the seven-fold shield of Ajax.

Darkness closed in, and a raven began to sound his note of evil omen from a neighboring branch. Croak on, black angel, said I; I have heard croaking before now, and am not to be frightened by any of your color. Suddenly a herd of wolves struck up at a distance, probably excited by the scent of the slain buffaloe. Howl on, said I; and, being among wolves, I will howl too—for I like to be in the fashion:—but that shall be the extent of our intimacy. Accordingly I uplifted my voice, like a pelican in the wilderness, and gave them back their noise, with interest. Then I laid down again, and moralized. This, thought I, is life. What would my poor mother say, if she were alive now? I have read books of adventures, but never read any thing like this. I fell asleep without farther ado.

Then I dreamed—oh, such a dream! Methought my slain enemy rose slowly to his feet, skinless, as he was, and gave me such a look as I have heard called a tanyard grin, in which the double distilled essence and essential oil of spite seem to be concentrated. Anon he approached me, and tried to gore me with his horns—and turned me over and over with his nose and feet. At last he sat down on my breast, and looking me deliberately in the eye bellowed, "Give me my skin—give me my skin." I awoke in a cold sweat; and to enhance my vexation, I heard an Indian drum, ac-

accompanied by several voices, on the other side of the wood. Now, thought I, I have lain down supperless, when there was a wigwam within a quarter of a mile, where I might have claimed hospitality. I strove to rise ; but my coverlid was now frozen, and kept me as close as if I had been cased in mortar. I grinned with fretfulness to think that I should be obliged to lie till noon the next day before the sun would effect my release, and for a moment I thought I would cry to my swarthy neighbors for assistance. Unwilling, however, to be the laughing-stock of savages, I summoned all my philosophy, and slept again. It should not be forgotten that the raven kept up his ominous noise all the while, as though he were my evil spirit. I slept, I said ; but, upon reflection, I recall the assertion ; such a state of the faculties cannot be called sleep. The buffalo rose again, and stood beside me. I could feel his hot breath upon my face ; methought it savored of sulphur—and I could see every vein and muscle, even the hole where my bullet had entered, just as my knife had laid them bare. I strove to cry out ; but my utterance was choked by a mouthful of wool, and I was compelled to be silent. My tormentor did not give me much time to reflect ; for he suddenly pricked up his ears and perked up his tail, and bellowed loud and long—and at his summons a vast herd of his fellows came bounding into the wood, and ranged themselves around me, and joined in the note of the leader. Somehow or other, I thought they were and were not buffaloes, at one and the same time. They had horns and shaggy hair, and tails, and four legs apiece ; yet, as I looked at them, I thought I could discover exaggerated resemblances of the human face divine. One of them looked like Powers, who was hanged for murder. I was frightened at their aspects, and involuntarily looked up to my friend the raven. Strange to tell, his beak gradually elongated as I gazed, till it was as long as, and very like a hautbois. How he kept his seat I knew not ; but he grasped it with all his claws, which looked like those of a Bengal tiger.

This was enough ; I wished to see no more of him : but now, the quadrupeds were quadrupeds no longer. A score or two had reared upon their hinder legs, and each gallantly given his hoof to his partner. All at once the piper on the tree struck up, and the animals began to dance. Fast and furious was their mirth ; negroes at a corn-husking are fools in comparison. The creature I had shot was preeminent for his superior size and supernatural agility, and remarkable for his bare and beggarly looks as well as for the vitrified appearance of his eyes, which put me in mind of two burnt holes in a blanket. I shut my eyes, and prepared for death ; for it seemed inevitable that I must be trampled to pumice in the twinkling of an

eye. They bounded about me, and grazed me at every step. The naked rascal, especially, sprang aloft repeatedly, directly over me, and how he failed to alight on my carcass I cannot tell. I have seen a mountebank dance among eggs without breaking any—and it was wonderful ; but how I escaped being trampled upon, was still more so.

At last the figure was complete ; but the dancers did not stand still. They resumed their natural position, and pushed at me with their horns, and flung up their heels at me. A hundred times my nose was grazed by them ; but still, as if by a miracle, the skin remained unbroken. My arch enemy seemed to take peculiar pleasure in this pastime, which he practised, I thought, with the same feeling that makes an Indian try how close he can stick his arrows to a prisoner without hitting him. I could do nothing ; so I grinned and bore it like a martyr.

The piper struck up again, and the dance recommenced ; but the air was now changed for one more lively—and as they vaulted they bellowed in chorus, but still their voices were like the human voice, and I could distinguish the burthen of the ditty,

“ Rouse him about, and touze him about,
And frighten him out of his skin.”

I am unable to say how long the sport continued ; but at the time, it seemed to last a century.

All things must have an end ; and at last the entertainment was over, and the gambols ceased. “ A change came o’er the spirit of my dream.” I thought the horns of my persecutors straightened and changed into ears, their hoofs dropped off and gave place to claws, their wool uncurled and became gray, their snouts lengthened, and their tails grew bushy. In short, they were honest *bona fide* wolves ; but still the same fiendish resemblance to humanity blasted my eyesight. My arch enemy was still distinguished by the absence of epidermis and cuticle. Suddenly he howled, long, loud and shrill. That howl thrills through my brain now, and I shall never forget it. Then came another dance, and the very trees, reeled with affright. Snapping, snarling and gnashing of teeth succeeded ; and it was all at me ! I would have given the world to have been able to close my eyes and shut out the hideous spectacle—but no ; I could not so much as wink ; I was fascinated, and could not help staring at these accumulated horrors.

At the conclusion of the dance, they all stood round me in silence. The skinless leader barked sharply ; and at the signal, they all shook themselves, in the manner of a dog coming out of the water. There they stood, and shook, and shook, till I thought they

would shake themselves out of their skins also. At every shake, showers of fleas fell upon me ; the atmosphere seemed full of them. Then, at another bark of the leader, the wolves all disappeared.

I had been flea-bitten three times in the course of my life—but that was cakes and gingerbread to what I now suffered. I was stung all over ; I think the point of a pin placed on any part of my body could not have missed a puncture. I was maddened with the pain, and, prayed mentally for death to end my misery—but he would not come. I thought of the cattle stung in hot weather by horseflies—and my heart pitied them. The worst was yet to come. The fleas entered my ears, and devoured my brain. They ascended my nostrils, and thence finding their way down my throat, preyed upon my vitals. This passage being open, keeping my mouth shut was of no avail. I looked upward to the raven ; and his duplicate sat beside him—and still as I gazed his figure seemed to multiply, till every branch of the tree bent under a flock of ravens. This was not all ; their number still increased, till the air was literally alive with them. They flew round me, and alighted on my body, and pecked at me, and croaked in every sharp and flat of the gamut ; and I had no power to resist. There I lay, bound hand and foot, enduring, what with fleas, and what with ravens, torments than which the Inquisition has no greater ; and all for having deprived an old buffalo of his skin.

Again I heard the howl ; and again the fiend wolves hurried around me. They fell upon me ; and my old enemy flew at my throat, and tore out my windpipe, and bolted it before my face ;—then they shifted the attack to my feet ; they tore away the covering, and gnawed my toes—nay, they snapped them off, joint by joint, and I could hear them snap and snarl for each as it fell to the ground. I am not sure that I could have survived this treatment much longer ; but to my great relief I heard a human voice—and my tormentors fled, as if the mammoth of the Big Bone Licks was behind them. I opened my eyes—and with unspeakable joy beheld a young Indian with whom I was perfectly acquainted, standing over me, and the sun riding high above the tree-tops. He speedily unrolled me, and released me from my durance, laughing heartily all the while. At another time I could have trimmed his ears for his impertinence ; but now I was glad even to be laughed at. I rose to my feet with some difficulty, and stamped a reasonable quantum of caloric into my toes. They were so cold that I did not wonder they had seemed to be bitten off. A further survey convinced me that my other impressions had not been altogether erroneous. A herd of buffaloes had indeed been walking about me all night, as

was apparent from their tracks in the snow, and it was marvellous that none had trod on me. There was no need to tell me that the wolves had paid me a visit ; for they had devoured my buffaloe, and had nearly eaten my counterpane off me into the bargain.

Ye who have read this tale of truth, take warning by my sufferings, which are engraven on the tablet of my memory with a pen of steel, and are not to be sneezed at. Whenever ye shall hunt the buffaloe on a cold day, give your flint-screw an extra turn !

Boston Book.

THE MOTHER'S COMPLAINT.

BESIDE her dead and shrouded child,
The afflicted weeping mother stood—
Her bosom torn with anguish wild :
She thus complained to God.

“Thou knewest my drear and hapless state,
My widow'd, lonely, helpless, part ;
Still—holding in thy hand *his* fate,—
Thou pierc'd again this heart.

“That child did lay its fainting head
Upon this throbbing, bursting, breast,
The color from his cheek had fled—
In vain he sought for rest !

“My arms his wasting body held,—
I watch'd his dull and fading eye,
Its feverish flash was slowly quell'd ;
Its once moist lid was dry !

“It opened and towards me turn'd
Its glassy ball ; his parch'd lips smil'd !—
Oh ! how this beating heart then yearned
Towards that dying child !

“But one short week its course has sped,
Since his dear form in health was drest—
But now it slumbers with the dead !
I mourn, and he is blest.

“‘And he is blest !’ Oh God ! forgive
An erring, guilty, mother's care—
In Heaven with Thee, my child shall live,
A spotless spirit there.”

This said, she wip'd away a tear—

One last, one parting kiss she gave :

One look she cast towards the bier—

One sob when at the grave.

E. G.

SCRIPTURAL SKETCH.

THE sun's last rays had departed from the towering summit of Mount Carmel, and ceased to dance on the silver wave of Jordan, when, like a cloud issuing from its own blue hill, the shepherds came forth to keep their nightly vigils on the lovely plains of Bethlehem. The air was balm, and every flower seemed newly steeped in fragrance, when the Shepherds, each reclining on his mossy bed, poured forth the wild mountain song, or tuned their harps to the loftier praise of Israel's God. They sang of the mournful willow, which waved its dark branches over the sluggish streams of Babylon, and of the lone wilderness, where their fathers wandered, encompassed by a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night. But wild and unbroken was the echo which resounded from hill to hill, when they sang of the clustering vines on the summit of Mount Zion, and the glorious grandeur of their coming Messiah. The lone harp trembled from its own deep thrillings and the snowy flocks listened with noiseless wonder to this midnight choir, when suddenly a star shot forth from the evening sky, and its blazing course was upward and onward. The song was hushed, and the harp lay untouched, unstrung, but awful and mystic was the calm which blended with that meteor light, and deep and hallowed was the prayer, which burst from that kneeling band as they gazed with more than wonder upon the evening sky. The glorious star danced in its ocean of flame, while the glowing east seemed rearing up a temple of unearthly light. The Shepherds clasped their trembling hands, while the low breathings of terror burst from every lip. 'Fear not,' said a voice that came like the spirit of melody, and roused them from their ignoble dread. 'Fear not,' re-echoed a thousand angel tongues, as the sweet spirits waved their light wings over the gilded plain. 'Fear not, for unto us is a Saviour born; then gather incense and myrrh, and follow the star which goes to gild the resting place of your infant Lord.' Quickly the heavenly meteor shed forth its brightest ray, and onward was its course, till, clustered around his lowly bed, they presented to the 'Prince of Peace,' gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

MARY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It becomes our painful duty, on the publication of the present number of the Eastern Magazine,—to inform our friends and patrons, that, owing to protracted and increasing ill health, we have deemed it our duty to them as well as ourselves, to resign our situation as its Editress—lay down our pen, and look away beyond the clouds of earth's clashing opinions, for pleasures which never weary—hopes whose fruition is joy.

We have resigned our duties into the hands of one whom we believe to be far more capable than ourselves, of performing them with honor to himself and to the acceptance of the community: at least far more than we *have been*, with a pillow for our desk and an aching head and tremulous hand to direct our efforts. We would in retiring return our grateful acknowledgements to the many who have encouraged and assisted us on our way; and award our pity and forgiveness to the few who have, though vainly, endeavored to injure the reputation and prevent the circulation of our work,—as though the world was not wide enough for them and us.

In conclusion, we would commend the Eastern Magazine under its increased facilities for usefulness and interest, to the patronage of an enlightened public.—And should a beneficent Providence ever again enable us to return to our fondly cherished task, we hope to find it supported and supportable, as we have ever wished.

MATILDA P. CARTER.

Bangor, Dec. 1835.

TO OUR READERS. Owing to a protracted indisposition, Mrs. M. P. CARTER is obliged to relinquish the editorial management of this Magazine. This duty therefore devolves upon another, who will endeavor, with the aid of such as may be pleased to contribute to these pages, to render it acceptable to the literary community. He will make no other promise, aware, as he is, that the character of this periodical depends more upon the assistance he hopes to receive, than upon his individual labors. There is no good reason why Maine should not support two Magazines of this character, in a literary as well as pecuniary point of view. We can, in truth, say that Bangor has the materiel for making this periodical an honor to the State. If such be the fact, shall it want for patronage? It depends, as we have before intimated, upon the aid of correspondents for its success. And shall it not be favored in this respect? If it is acceptable, it will succeed.

The editorial department will be devoted, principally, to Literary Notices, and Literary Intelligence. We say, 'Notices,'—for we do not aspire to a minute criticism. Of such books as may fall in our way, we shall speak with freedom, and impartiality. Indiscriminate praise or censure, we shall avoid, valuing, as we do, our reputation sufficiently to exercise a judgment which shall know no bias. To our editorial brethren, we cordially extend the right hand of fellowship, and ask for that kind indulgence due only to inexperience.

The Publisher intends, after the present number, to print the Magazine with a new type of a smaller size, generally, than that heretofore used. The whole typographical execution will be as neat as that of any other periodical. He will endeavor, henceforth to issue each number regularly on the fifteenth day of the month. With these brief remarks, we throw our publication upon the candor and intelligence of the community, and patiently await their decision. If it shall prove acceptable, we shall be grateful for patronage; if not, we will quietly submit to the consequences.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF MRS. FELICIA HEMANS: complete in one volume. With a critical preface. 8 vo. pp 361. Philadelphia. Thomas T. Ash.

The editor of the works of this lamented lady,—whom we understand is B. B. Thatcher,—has performed a service for the literary community, which will add more to his already high reputation than any labor he has hitherto undertaken. If he had merely collected the extensive productions of Mrs. Hemans, he would have deserved much praise. But he has done more than this. He has prepared for this beautiful volume, a Critical Preface, which shews that he is possessed of that depth of thought and nicety of discrimination so necessary to the true poet. He has given us a perfect analysis of her mind as developed in her writings; one which would have reflected credit on a person of maturer years, for he is yet but a young man. It is not our intention at this time to examine the beauty and excellencies of these poems. Mr. Thatcher has done this in his Preface. We cannot and wish not to do a better service than to direct the attention of our readers to this well arranged collection, and if what we can say will be any inducement, we shall be gratified. It should be in the hands of every admirer of pure and exalted poetry. Besides, she has an additional claim upon us on account of the interest that she uniformly manifested, during her life, in the institutions and prospects of our country. Her beautiful verses on "The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," cannot fail to awaken a thrill in every American heart, and give to her a strong hold on our affections.

A brief account of her short, but eventful life may not be uninteresting to our readers. She was born in Liverpool, where she spent her early years. Her maiden name was Felicia Dorothea Browne, and was the sister of Mary Anne Browne, many of whose beautiful poetic effusions have graced the pages of our literary journals. Mrs. Hemans commenced her compositions at a very early age. When only thirteen, she composed 'The Restoration of the works of art to Italy,' the first in order in this collection, 'Dartmoor,' and some other pieces, which first directed the attention of the public to her writings. At this period of her life, her efforts were naturally deficient in some of those qualities which are alone acquired by practice, but she still gave indications of possessing the germ of pure poetry. On forming her matrimonial alliance in Wales, where she had taken up her abode at an early period of her life, she became more extensively known by the publication of a volume of her poems. Here she is said to have received the approbation of Byron, and his friend Shelley, who duly appreciated her poetic talent. Testimonials of merit were awarded to her from a multiplicity of sources. She valued these as an unassuming, delicate-hearted woman would,—grateful for the applause she received, but still averse to becoming an object of particular notice.

Domestic affliction came suddenly upon her. From an unknown cause her husband was estranged from her, left her, and never again returned. She bore

this, with christian fortitude, in the midst of her affliction, and was constantly adding strength of mind. She returned to the vicinity of Liverpool, after the death of her mother with whom she had been residing, where she remained about three years, and removed thence to Dublin, where on the seventeenth day of May, she breathed her last. She has left three children, all sons, one of whom is now a student in Bowdoin College in this State. The following verses were her last. "They glow with the 'beauty of holiness,' and bespeak the solemn grandeur of a spirit ripened for the skies."

THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS.

Nobly thy song, O minstrel ! rush'd to meet
Th' Eternal on the pathway of the blast,
With darkness round him as a mantle cast,
And cherubim to waft his flying seat,
Amid'st the hills that smok'd beneath his feet,
With trumpet voice thy spirit call'd aloud,
And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat,
And the bent cedars, and the bursting cloud.
But far more gloriously to earth made known
By that high strain, than by the thunder's tone,
Than flashing torrents, or the ocean's roll ;
Jehovah spoke through the inbreathing fire,
Nature's vast realm forever to inspire
With the deep worship of a living soul.

Mrs. Hemans lived admired by all, and died by all lamented. In the words of a cotemporary,—'she is gone,—and her memory is blest.' A 'better country' has opened upon her enchanted vision, and for her to die, was a victory and a gain. For her departure, who would weep, or feel the throb of pity ? 'Why should pity be entertained for a heart which sin had never humbled,—for a spirit that never fell ? Pity is for our weaknesses,—to our weaknesses be it given ; not to the strength that rises over pain, and is sustained from Heaven. Shall we weep for the stormy life ?—It was a triumph : for the lonely death ?—It was an immortality.

Weep not for her ! Her spirit was too fair,
Too pure and free, for this guilt-tainted earth ;
The sinless glory, and the golden air
Of Zion, seemed to claim her from her birth :—
Weep not for her !"

ZINZENDORFF, and other Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 12 mo. pp. 300. New York : Leavitt, Lord & Co.

WE hail with pleasure the appearance of another volume from the pen of the chaste muse of the 'American Hemans,' a title to which Mrs. Sigourney is justly entitled. Though inferior, as all must confess, she still bears in her productions a striking resemblance to her of whom we have just spoken. They each have the same pure and exalted flow of religious feeling, and discourse in the same plaintive strain which mingles with their every breath. Mrs. Sigourney does not possess that harmonious power of versification, and smooth, unbidden flow, which so eminently characterizes her honored prototype. Neither has she that depth and strength of poetic feeling. As regards style, she may acquire in time perhaps, the ease and grace of Mrs. Hemans—we hope she may equal her in every respect. Like her, she is fulfilling the high and holy trust reposed in her by her Creator.

The principal poem, the title of which stands at the head of this article, Mrs. Sigourney informs us in her preface, 'owes its existence to a recent opportunity

of personal intercourse with that sect of Christians, who acknowledge Zinzendorff as their founder; and who, in their labors of self-denying benevolence, and their avoidance of the slight, yet bitter causes, of controversy, have well preserved that sacred test of discipleship, 'to love one another.' This poem abounds with many beautiful passages. The whole volume is a brilliant casket of sparkling gems. It may be truly said of Mrs. Sigourney, that she adorns whatever she touches. The present volume is the most copious selection we have seen from her writings. The tribute which we give below, is alike honorable to the head and heart of our author.

FELICIA HEMANS.

May, 1835.

Nature doth mourn for thee.

There is no need
For Man to strike his plaintive lyre and fail,
As fail he must, if he attempt thy praise.
The little plant that never sang before,
Save one sad requiem, when its blossoms fell,
Sighs deeply through its drooping leaves for thee,
As for a florist fallen. The ivy wreath'd
Round the gray turrets of a buried race,
And the tall palm that like a prince doth rear
Its diadem 'neath Asia's burning sky,
With their dim legions blend thy hallow'd name.
Thy music, like baptismal dew, did make
Whate'er it touch'd most holy. The pure shell
Laying its pearly lip on Ocean's floor,
The cloister'd chambers, where the sea-gods sleep,
And the unfathom'd melancholy main,
Lament for thee, through all the sounding deeps.
Hark! from snow-breasted Himmaleh, to where
Snowdon doth weave his coronet of cloud,
From the scath'd pine tree, near the red man's hut,
To where the everlasting banian builds
Its vast columnac temple, comes a moan
For thee, whose ritual made each rocky height
An altar, and each cottage-home, the haunt
Of Poesy.

Yes, thou didst find the link
That joins mute Nature to ethereal mind,
And make that link a melody.

The couch
Of thy last sleep, was in the native clime
Of song and eloquence and ardent soul,
Spot fitly chosen for thee. Perchance, that isle
So lov'd of favoring skies, yet bann'd by fate,
Might shadow forth thine own unspoken lot.
For at thy heart, the ever-pointed thorn
Did gird itself, until the life-stream ooz'd
In gushes of such deep and thrilling song,
That angels poising on some silver cloud
Might linger 'mid the errands of the skies,
And listen, all unblam'd.

- How tenderly
Doth Nature draw her curtain round thy rest,
And like a nurse, with finger on her lip,
Watch lest some step disturb thee, striving still
From other touch thy sacred harp to guard.
Waits she thy waking, as the mother waits
For some pale babe, whose spirit sleep hath stolen
And laid it dreaming on the lap of Heaven?
We say not thou art dead. We dare not. No.
For every mountain stream and shadowy dell
Where thy rich harpings linger, would hurl back
The falsehood on our souls. Thou spak'st alike
The simple language of the freckled flower,

And of the glorious stars. God taught it thee.
And from thy living intercourse with man
Thou shalt not pass away, until this earth
Drops her last gem into the doom's-day flame.
Thou hast but taken thy seat with that blest choir,
Whose hymns thy tuneful spirit learned so well
From this sublunar terrace, and so long
Interpreted.

Therefore we will not say
Farewell to thee ; for every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities.
The sage shall greet thee with his benison,
And Woman shrine thee as a vestal-flame
In all the temples of her sanctity,
And the young child shall take thee by the hand
And travel with a surer step to Heaven.

THE BOSTON BOOK. Being specimens of Metropolitan Literature, occasional and periodical. 12 mo. pp. 312. Boston. Light and Horton.

The nature of this volume is fully indicated by its title, and a happy thought it was that suggested the compilation. Who has performed this labor, we have no means of knowing from the book itself, but learn from the daily press that H. T. Tuckerman is the compiler. It comprises productions from the pens of those who have resided in, or were natives of the Literary Emporium, with the exception of Henry W. Longfellow, of Portland, now of the Faculty of Harvard University. The selection is made in perfect good taste, and Mr. Tuckerman is deserving of credit for the manner in which he has executed his plan. We think that the work might have been farther extended without injury to the general design. The compiler, however, observes in his preface, that 'the limits of the present design, rendered it impossible to embody many remarkable specimens of Boston literature of a date anterior to any which appear in this collection. Several belle-lettre curiosities of the colonial era, and numerous productions of somewhat later origin are yet to be collated under the same general plan. To realize what may be accomplished in this way, we have but to remind ourselves of the almost unique species of writing which characterized the times of Mather, of the practical essays of Dr. Franklin and some of his cotemporaries, and of the beautiful compositions to which the Anthology club gave birth. The occasional fruits of Buckminster's elegant mind and Tudor's racy pen, would alone furnish delightful materials to illustrate a subsequent period in the brief history of our metropolitan literature.'

We have not had the pleasure of perusing a more interesting volume, for some time, than the Boston Book. It is an agreeable companion for a leisure moment. The character of the various articles is almost as various, as there are authors in number. With regard to this, the compiler observes, 'the dearth of excellent humorous articles, either in prose or verse, is worthy of observation. The few examples of this character which it was found possible to glean for the following pages, sufficiently evidences this fact. Something of the pilgrim fondness for the useful, the vigorous and the practical, and something of the pilgrim antipathy to 'vanities,' seems to characterize even the literary taste of the Bostonians. But perhaps there is no more pleasing feature thus suggested, than the deep interest manifested in the great subject of humanity. The proportionate number of minds whose forte lies in the illustration of this sublime theme, is indeed remarkable. The didactic articles of this volume will generally be found to pertain, more or less directly to the philosophy of man ; and the most eloquent specimens of composi-

tion are those in which human liberty, genius, poetry and character—the higher attributes and wants of human nature—are under discussion.

Our limits necessarily confine us to two selections, only, from its contents, one of which,—‘A night in the woods,’—may be found on our preceding pages. We have selected this for its lively, playful character. Its author is a man of genius, who has written much to establish his character as a writer. The other, which follows, is from the pen of B. B. Thatcher, and is, in our opinion, the best of his poetical efforts.

THE LAST REQUEST.

Bury me by the ocean's side—
Oh! give me a grave on the verge of the deep,
Where the noble tide,
When the sea-gales blow, my marble may sweep—
And the glistening surf
Shall burst o'er the turf,
And bathe my cold bosom, in death as I sleep!

Bury me by the sea—
That the vesper at eve-fall may ring o'er my grave,
Like the hymn of the bee,
Or the hum of the shell in the silent wave!
Or an anthem-roar
Shall be rolled on the shore
By the storm, like a mighty march of the brave!

Bury me by the deep—
Where a living footstep never may tread;—
And come not to weep—
Oh! wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead;
But leave me the dirge
Of the breaking surge,
And the silent tears of the sea on my head!

And grave no Parian praise;—
Gather no bloom for the heartless tomb;—
And burn no holy blaze,
To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom!
For the holier light
Of the star-eyed night,
And the violent morning, my rest will illumine:—

And honors, more dear
Than of sorrow and love, shall be strewn on my clay
By the young green year,
With its fragrant dews, and its crimson array;—
Oh! leave me to sleep
On the verge of the deep,
Till the skies and the seas shall have passed away!

One of our Portland friends has suggested the expediency of getting up a ‘Portland Book.’ Let them see to it. By adopting the plan pursued by Mr. Tuckerman, a volume of much interest and creditable to the talent of our sister city, could be prepared. There is no lack of materiel;—they have Brooks, Cutter, Longfellow, Ilsley, Mellens, McLellan, Neal, Otis, Willis—many of whose names are found in the ‘Boston.’ The thing should be done—forthwith.

FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE. Theodore Foster, of New York, has commenced, and is pursuing in right good earnest, the republication of the highest order of foreign periodical literature. A few months since, his reprints of the Edinburgh, London, Westminster, and Foreign Quarterly Reviews first appeared, and have, as we understand, received a patronage which this meritorious under-

taking so richly deserves. His success in this project has induced him to re-print Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine in a style precisely similar to the original, and it is expected, with equal neatness and beauty of execution. Whether equal in these respects, we can say of the number before us that its typographical execution surpasses that of any Magazine printed in the Union. The first number is accompanied by a supplement for the purpose of making it independent of the previous volumes, giving a perfect edition from the commencement of the republication.

Of the intrinsic value of these publications, we will add a few remarks. The four Reviews, as has been observed, 'comprise the greatest talent and the most extensive learning to be found among the writers of the present age.' They command the services of the most distinguished of the European literati. Their excellence is greatly enhanced by the aid of the most illustrious statesmen of the 'sea-girt isle.' Conflicting opinions on national policy, scientific, and literary disquisitions, in fine, 'the march of the human intellect in the whole republic of knowledge, are here laid open to the reader.' With regard to Blackwood's Magazine, the same remarks, to a certain extent, may be made. We think this periodical superior to any thing in the Magazine line within our knowledge. Its character is too well known to need our eulogium. Suffice it to say, that any person, who is inclined to pay five dollars for a periodical, will find his money well applied, if expended in a subscription for Blackwood, both as regards quality and quantity.

Our booksellers will be pleased to receive subscriptions for this, as also for Mr. Foster's other reprints. They will cheerfully exhibit specimens of each work.

THE BACKSLIDER, is the fifth of the series of 'Scenes and Characters illustrating christian truth.' This little work merits an equal share of praise with its predecessors. It presents a picture of the 'dark side' of character, which it is well for us to look at and remember. The course of the 'Backslider' is intensely interesting, and although it must create feelings of horror in every virtuous bosom, to reflect that a noble being should thus degrade himself, still, all must acknowledge the fidelity of the picture. It is painful to think thus of human nature; but while it continues *as it is*, we cannot doubt the expediency of thus exposing to public view the vortex that has swallowed up so many of the 'noblest works of God,' and is still yawning fearfully, threatening to overthrow the very foundations of society in our own happy New England.

This book is recommended to all, but most especially to our young men. May the perusal of it lead them to 'take heed lest they fall.' The character of Anna Hope is a beautiful illustration of filial piety, united with that rarest of christian graces—genuine humility. It inculcates the useful lesson, that it is not our employment which degrades us,—that even a 'village nurse' may be worthy of the admiration and imitation of all 'the world calls good and great.'

[The above notice was written by a lady. We hope she may be induced to try her pen again for our benefit. EDITOR.]

THE JUVENILE READER, a selection of easy reading lessons; designed for the middle classes in common schools. By a Teacher. 12 mo. pp. 180. Nourse & Smith.

We have devoted a leisure hour to the examination of the above work. Instead of occupying our pages with a labored dissertation upon its merits, or de-

merits we will merely quote a portion of the preface to shew the design and intention of the Compiler.

"The design of this compilation is to furnish for the younger classes of our common schools, a course of easy reading lessons. It is intended as the second book of plain reading to be put into the hands of young pupils; and accordingly the lessons should be adapted to their capacity and taste.

"In making choice of pieces, it has been the endeavor of the compiler to keep in view two prominent objects.

"It has been his aim in the first place to select such pieces as will be interesting to those by whom they are read. If they are so, the scholar will seem to give utterance to his own thoughts and feelings while reading. In this way he will read naturally, and if he read naturally, he will read well. For this purpose articles on a variety of interesting and useful subjects and characterized by perspicuity and simplicity of style, have been sought. In many of them the style is rather colloquial, but it is thought that they are not objectionable on this account.

"The ulterior aim of the compiler has been to make such selections as will reach the hearts and influence the actions of those in whose hands the 'Reader' is placed. It is not enough that a book designed for young minds has nothing in it, of a bad tendency. This, at most is only a kind of negative virtue. Something of a more positive character is wanted in a school book—something that will create a practical and moral influence, that will make scholars more regardful of each others rights, more economical of their time, and more studious, more respectful to their teachers, obedient to their parents, and more honest in all their actions. With this view, selections have been made to delineate the character and illustrate principles in a manner that will engage the attention and win the sympathies of the pupil."

In conclusion, we will remark that its articles are well, very well selected. It appears to us admirably fitted for its intended purpose. We copy from the Book the following verses of genuine poetry, from the pen of Miss H. F. Gould.

A VOICE FROM MOUNT AUBURN.

A voice from Mount Auburn! a voice!—and it said,
'Ye have chosen me out as a home for your dead;
From the bustle of life ye have rendered me free;
My earth ye have hallowed—henceforth I shall be
A garden of graves, where your loved ones shall rest!
O, who will be first to repose on my breast?

'I now must be peopled from life's busy sphere;
Ye may roam, but the end of your journey is here.
I shall call! I shall call! and the many will come
From the heart of your crowds to so peaceful a home;
The great and the good, and the young and the old,
In death's dreamless slumbers, my mansions will hold.

: To me shall the child his loved parent resign;
And, mother, the babe at thy breast must be mine!
The brother and sister for me are to part,
And the lover to break from each tie of the heart.
I shall rival the bridegroom and take from his side,
To sleep in my bosom, his beautiful bride.

'And sweetly secure from all pain they shall lie,
Where the dews gently fall and the streams ripple by;
While the birds sing their hymns, amid air-harps, that sound
Through the boughs of the forest-trees whispering around.
And flower's, bright as Eden's, at morning shall spread,
And at eve drop their leaves o'er the slumberer's bed!

'But this is all earthly! While thus ye enclose
A spot where your ashes in peace may repose—
Where the living may come and commune with the dead,
With God and his soul, and with reverence tread
On the sod, which he soon may be sleeping below,—
Have ye chosen the home where the spirit shall go?

' Shall it dwell where the gardens of Paradise bloom,
And flowers are not opening to die on the tomb?
Where the living may come and commune with the dead,
With God and his soul, and with reverence tread
On the sod, which he may soon be sleeping below,—
Have ye chosen the home where the spirit shall go?

' Shall it dwell where gardens of Paradise bloom?
And flowers are not opening to die on the tomb?
With the song of an angel, and vesture of light,
Shall it live in a world free from shadow and blight;
Where the waters are pure, from a fount never sealed,
And the secrets of Heaven are in glory revealed?

' A day hastens on,—and an arm shall then break
The bars of the tomb—the dread trumpet shall awake
The dead from their sleep in the earth and the sea,
And, 'Render up thine!' shall be sounded to me!
Prepare for that hour, that my people may stand,
Unawed by the scene, at the Judge's right hand!

WESTERN QUARTERLY REVIEW. And yet another. Josiah Drake, of Cincinnati announces his intention of getting up another quarterly, under the editorial charge of Ellwood Fisher. Gentlemen of high repute in the world of letters are expected to contribute, among whom we find the names of Timothy Flint, Lyman Beecher, Calvin E. Stowe, Bellamy Storer, Ephraim Peabody, W. D. Gallagher, and E. D. Mansfield. Mr. Storer is a native of Portland, and one of the Ohio delegation in the present Congress. Mr. Peabody is a graduate of Bowdoin College,—of the class of 1827,—and now pastor of the Unitarian Society in Cincinnati. He is a gentleman of talent, and takes a high rank among the writers of our country.

THE CINCINNATI MIRROR. William D. Gallagher and his able coadjutors have transferred their interest in this excellent literary journal to James B. Marshall, who has prefixed to its original title, that of 'THE BUCKEYE.' Rather a singular cognomen, but 'what's in a name?' The cause assigned by Mr. Gallagher is a stigma upon the character of the citizens of the West,—those who subscribed, read, loaned, and did all but—*pay for the paper*. Shameful! Such fellows are subjects

'—fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'

To those gentlemen, in pity, we would say, as a safeguard in future,

'Let no such man be trusted.'—

The intellectual labors of such men should be well paid for,—they have done much for the literary character of the rising West. There is every reason to believe that 'the Buckeye' will maintain the high reputation the 'Mirror' acquired.

Mr. Gallagher's courage, however, does not fail. He now proposes to publish a weekly Journal, to be called 'THE SPECTATOR & FAMILY NEWS-SHEET.' His capacity for conducting a journal of literature and belles-lettres is of the highest order, and we wish him lots of subscribers and *PAY in advance*. Down-easters would not suffer such a reproach,—for they would not merit it—as we have spoken of. If they'll come—one and all—and subscribe for the 'Eastern,' and can't pay *now*, we will take their word for it. Then, they will teach a lesson of honor, which printers might hope would always be remembered.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC,—for 1836, is for sale at our bookstores. This is the seventh, we think, of the series. It is a valuable work, composed, as it is, of a large amount of Astronomical, Statistical, and other matter.

THE YEAR BOOK is another work of a similar design, in many respects, and though inferior to the 'Almanac,' is still of much value. Instead of the Statistics, which occupies a large portion of the latter, there are in the Year Book notices of recent valuable inventions, and discoveries in science. Marshall Conant, a Boston teacher, is the author.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, on the first of January next, will be united with the New York 'American Monthly Magazine,' and published there and at Boston simultaneously. It will take the title of the latter, and be conducted by Messrs. Hoffman, Herbert, and Benjamin, all gentlemen of talent and literary attainments. Our friends of the 'Knickerbocker' must have an eye to them, or they may come off second best.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY, by Silas Jones,—just issued from the press,—is highly spoken of in the prints of the day.

Rev. William E. Channing has published a work on the subject of Slavery, which is said to be,—as might be expected,—a powerful production.

Freeman Hunt & Co. New York, intend to publish '*The Knickerbocker Book*,' on the plan of the 'Boston.' The Philadelphians have a similar work in progress.

The following American Works have been recently published in London.—Reed's Narrative of Six Months' Residence in a Convent.—The Linwoods, by Miss Sedgwick.—The History of the Condition of Women in various ages and nations, by Mrs. D. L. Child.—The Student's Manual, by Rev. J. Todd.—Missionary Remains, or Sketches of the Lives of Evarts, Cornelius, and Wisner, by Dr. Cox, Notes by the Rev. William Ellis.—Hints to Parents on the Religious Education of Children, by Dr. G. Spring of New York.

PAINTING IN MEZZOTINTO, &c. By a reference to our advertisements on the cover, it will be seen that Mr. Badlam proposes to open a school in this city for the purpose of giving instruction in Chinese, Landscape, Mezzotinto, Fruit and Flower Painting. Mr. Badlam comes among us with recommendations of a high order in point of personal character and qualifications for teaching the above branches of the Art. He teaches, we understand, in six lessons the art of painting in Mezzotinto, a very beautiful style. The Chinese style is particularly adapted to the Ladies, and we hope that they will improve the present opportunity of acquiring one of the most graceful and elegant accomplishments. Specimens of Mr. Badlam's painting may be examined at our Bookstores, and at his room, No. 4 Main street, up stairs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. To those who have contributed to the present number, we tender our thanks, and ask for a continuance of their favors. 'N,' is received, and shall have a place in our next. Our *promising* friends must look at the 'Table' this month. It won't answer.